

patient has opened his eyes and is looking around him in amazement.

"Where have I been, Doctor?"

"Answer, boy. You're tired out."

"Are you going home?"

"At once. You're tired out. Get me that glass there."

"That's it," pouring out a small quantity of brandy and holding it out to Eustace. "Here, boy, take a sip! You need it."

"Thank you, Doctor," said Eustace, taking the glass and sipping.

"You're the doctor and says: 'What! You're tired out, Doctor, but I'm all right now. Let me be going.'"

The Doctor, handing the glass and bottle to Eustace, who appears as thirsty as a camel, and who takes occasion to gulp the brandy down when the Doctor's back is turned, says:

"As soon as I look at this card, I'm off."

He glances at the square of pasteboard which the janitor has handed him, and his expression at once grows terrible.

"Merciful God! is this all they gave you, man?"

"Yes, Doctor!"

"You accused! In the name of all the devils and angels of heaven, what do you mean?"

"What is it?" cries Eustace, leaping from the lounge and, trembling and smiling, following towards the Doctor. "Let me read it!"

"Look what is written here, Eustace. 'Authority.' 'Certificate.' 'Confession! Things are managed nicely here. Read this! Read the card!'"

Eustace, glancing at the paper, cries out like a wail, these words written in a bold hand on the card:

"For the cause of Science! For the Doctor's honor!"

CHAPTER III.

A MYSTIC PERSECUTION—A SUPERNATURAL REVELATION.

It was the morning succeeding the strange scene at the College.

Dr. St. Jean was seated in his library, a snug room on the first floor of his rural home, and, brooding upon the events of the past night, he lost sight of the open volume of French poetry upon his knee, and indulged in visions every way as weird as those of the author before him.

The apartment was suited to such reveries. Two walls of the room were literally crowded with books of all shapes, colors, and sizes, books that were fresh from the press, glorious in scarlet and gold, and books that seemed as ancient as thought itself, worn, eaten and dust covered, the venerable scribbles of dead thought.

A serious gaze with a fathomless mantle full of bird-clear of the oddest descriptions, and in the most picturesque confusion, formed a third angle of the room, while the fourth was mainly given to a lofty bay-window open to the redolent garden, and in which were placed luxurious couches with cushions for the head, and with red adjustable reading stands. These couches were littered with newspapers and magazines, as was also the rich Oriental carpet at their feet. In a niche or closet with a glass door opening from the library near the window was a bizarre assortment of apparatus—chemical and medical, surgical instruments, anatomical preparations, and, strange of all, a collection of the wild and supernatural mechanisms projected by the late Professor Hare, for the purpose of testing "odds" or spiritual presence as manifested upon matter.

A more fantastic assortment of queer things was seldom seen, but the Doctor's house seemed the abode of queer things.

It was long after breakfast and Eustace had not yet made his appearance. The Doctor and his sister Bertha, an amiable lady some ten years his senior, had discussed the novel in the cozy, little bachelor dining-room, and the topic of conversation was the event of last night. St. Jean had told Bertha merely enough of the story to excite her curiosity and superstition. He had not mentioned a word, however, of the sudden and unwelcome illness of Eustace at the College and the scene succeeding it.

After breakfast, the Doctor sought distraction in his book and a cigar, but the impressions of that night of mystery and dread were too strong to be vanquished by study. The Doctor yielded to his thoughts in spite of himself.

Who was this woman? Why was he constantly thinking of her? Her mere presence in the dissecting-room had not affected him, he who had witnessed so many forms of death, but it was the strange thought that had ever possessed him from the instant he had beheld her stretched on the table, a form of majestic loveliness in the midst of that horror and gloom, that he had instinctively not pitted, but loved that shape—loved the dead form before him. Why, he could not tell! That was one riddle of the many to be solved.

But when he came to read that terrible card with its vague words implying even in their utter truth everything revolting and suggestive of even crime, he was raised to a pitch of emotion as unaccounted as it was profound.

The dead woman! The card! Two links of a fearful chain! The ghost that the janitor saw, might there not be something in that? The swoon of Eustace, might not that have some mysterious connection with the apparition?

A stroke of the silver bell of a tiny clock on the mantel, brought him back to himself, and he exclaimed:

"Ten o'clock! And no Eustace! I must be off to College again! The College attracts me now like gravitation!"

He leaped to his feet, and touched a bell cord. A servant appeared. A very funny looking, little man—servant with a large shock head of hair, and a face like an absurd mask—a grumpy of a servant who moved noiselessly and the mechanism of whose movements seemed of the simplest construction.

"Stuffy! Knock at Mr. Martin's door; and then tell Joe to hurry up the gig."

The grumpy nods his head and disappears, as they do in the pantomime.

The Doctor, who had followed the servant into the entry-way, met Bertha approaching him with a lovely bouquet of roses and honeysuckle.

"I have been in the garden, Paul," she exclaimed, "and I have made you up this to take down with you."

"Thank you, dear," the Doctor inhaled the fragrance of the flowers rapturously.

"But Eustace?" she asked, "is he all right?"

"I hope not, I have just sent up for him. He appeared to be worried out last night, bodily and mentally. He's a frail boy, I'm afraid. I'll go to College without him this morning. Ah! here's the gig, now."

"And here's Eustace himself!" exclaimed Bertha, as that inexpressible young man appeared on the stairs in his morning gown, and with a strange flush of color upon his face that rendered him really handsome at that moment, exclaimed:

"Good morning! But, Doctor, I want to speak to you—on one word—here, just a moment!"

"Good morning, Eustace!" cried Bertha.

Eustace desired to reply.

"By old man! you're an early riser," laughed St. Jean.

"I will explain my lateness," replied Eustace quickly. "Come, a word with you."

"Jump into the gig here, after your coffee, and come on out on my way to town."

"Impossible!" returned Eustace. "I must see you—now—just at once—alone!"

"Very well. What the mystery now? Come into the dining-room."

"I do not wish any breakfast, thank you."

"A cup of coffee, surely?"

"Well, no! It's a cup of coffee."

Eustace descended the stairs rapidly, and carrying in his hand a morsel of paper, and touching the Doctor on the shoulder, mentioned him over in the direction of the dining-room.

Bertha, foreseeing an interview, left the two alone, and vanished into the library.

When they reached the dining-room, Eustace closed the door leading into the passage-way, and, standing there, and then exclaimed:

"I have something extremely to tell you, Doctor."

"Out with it, then! For I haven't ten minutes to spare, my dear fellow. I'm late as it is! Unless you accompany me?"

"Once for all I tell you I cannot go! I am serious, and I wish to speak to you seriously."

"Go ahead."

The entrance at this moment of a servant with the coffee, somewhat disconcerted the impatient Eustace. He turned upon the servant impatiently.

"There, that will do! Put the cup down and take yourself off. I want nothing more shut the door after you."

When the servant had disappeared, Eustace came over to where the Doctor was sitting making rings of cigar smoke, and, forgetting of the aromatic coffee that smoked before him, exclaimed:

"One word. You know how highly sensitive I was last night, at the College. How strangely I acted. I told you the sight of that dead woman affected me in a most unaccountable way. Well, when I reached the office, I felt as you know, into a state of stupeor and then into a dream, and in that dream, or rather reverie, for it was too real for a dream, came and stood palpably before me that woman—the woman we had seen—longer dead but radiant with new life, and beautiful, but arrayed in garments of mourning."

"What nonsense is this?" interrupted St. Jean with a forced smile, for he was himself beginning to be affected with his pupil's mood. "He was startled, too, at the coincidence of the dream and the apparition seen by the janitor."

"Nonsense!" cried Eustace, his eyes seeming to glow. "Why as God lives it is no nonsense, Doctor. I tell you the other truth. I am trying to be calm. It has been an awful experience. I tell you the woman seemed real—alive—the woman whom we saw dead but a few hours before seemed to stand before me majestically, a shape of beauty and a real presence."

"You dreamed she stood there?"

"I tell you, it was too real for a dream! It was a reality! I seemed to be wide awake as far as her image was concerned. I was in a trance."

"Trance?"

"Truly, Doctor, for I seemed to cast off my body as a garment, and freed from the inert mass of clay to behold it—my image—in apparently a profound stupor, while I, hovering about it, was sensible of a delight I cannot name—a joy that neither wine nor opium can give, an intoxication that was indescribable. It only lasted an instant. Some noise brought me back to myself. A sudden pang, I awoke and became aware of the horrible chaos of the office, poor frightened Joe, the drunken janitor, and all the terror of last night."

"But, my dear boy, time flies; what has this rhapsody to do with what you want to tell me?"

"Everything! Listen. Last night I retired late. In fact I did not retire at all. I never undressed. I threw myself into the large arm-chair near the window, took a volume of *l'Esprit* and began reading. I was writing. She lay long and softly, when she had finished, she lifted her face and looked at me. I saw her as plainly as I see you now. A pale, pale face with just a tinge of rose upon the cheek—a nose delicately curved, a firm but beautiful mouth, the large eyes heavy with strange tears of shadowy grief, the small ears, the dimpled chin, the wealth of golden tress. Do you recognize the portrait? You start! The woman of the dissecting-room. The woman of the trance!"

There was a visible tremor in the Doctor, as Eustace went on with his narrative. St. Jean made a brave endeavor to appear unconcerned and incredulous. His pupil, however, detected his emotion.

"You were dreaming of her again, eh? boy—do you know?" said the Doctor.

Eustace made no reply to this remark but continued:

"The light was burning brightly in the room when I saw her. I arose to go towards her, but at that moment I heard my name called, and a loud knocking, and I found that it was morning, and late in the morning, at that, and that I was summoned down stairs."

"And you awoke to find it all a dream? Well, that comes of reading *l'Esprit*. Why, old fellow, don't you know your brain had become so vividly impressed with the image of that dead face that you couldn't help thinking about it, dreaming about it, seeing it about you everywhere, at all hours, night and day?"

"Stop! I tell you I was no dream!"

"No dream; are you mad? Believer in spirits as I am, I believe in no such thing as a materialized spirit, boy. It was a vision!"

"Call it a dream, then. Look at this reality!"

He opened the paper he had kept in his hand, and spread it before the Doctor, who looked at it with an expression of amused curiosity.

"Read the reality! I found it on my writing-table. Read!"

The Doctor's expression changed to one of bewilderment as he looked carefully at the paper, and exclaimed:

"Have we our senses, Eustace! Are we bewitched? Last night a mysterious card, now a mysterious letter!"

"But read it! read it!"

The Doctor read these words:

"BETWEEN EDNA, CALLED BY MEN THE FOURTH SATELLITE OF NATURE, AND THE PLANET EARTH, IS MY LIFE AND THINE. I HAVE FOUND THEE AND AM NEAR THEE FOREVER. EDNA."

"Is this a trick?" the Doctor asked; "but no, Eustace," he added after a lapse of reverie. "You are always serious. I believe you say you found this in your room? On your table?"

"On my table."

"And who wrote it?"

"Ah, who? Tell me that!"

"Might it not be that, in your room, in a small resembling commonplace, you wrote it unconsciously?"

"Possibly."

The Doctor read again, — almost — wondering.

"The Fourth Satellite of Nature—Edna. This is a beautiful, fanciful name. By the way, I have just been talking to you about the name of the woman of the dissecting-room, last night? How in the name of wonder could she be in touch of nature?"

It was just at this instant, when Eustace was about to speak in reply to the Doctor, that he suddenly stopped and listened. They heard the garden gate shut, and came down the gravel walk. They did not see the visitor at first, but when they caught sight of the figure, both Eustace and the Doctor leaped from their seats and stood transfixed.

It was a woman who passed the window. A woman attired in rich and deep mourning. Her veil was up and they beheld the lovely face. A pale, pale face, with just a tinge of rose upon the cheek, a nose delicately curved, a firm but beautiful mouth, the large eyes heavy with strange tears, and shadowed by grief, the small ears, the dimpled chin, the wealth of golden tress. They did not see the visitor at first, but when they caught sight of the figure, both Eustace and the Doctor leaped from their seats and stood transfixed.

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The more
 Far out
 A ship
 Were
 Bought
 A wildly
 That o'er
 To still

 The more
 I stand
 My more
 They can
 Ah that
 Upon life
 Could not
 The blue

 I trace
 The mist
 My war
 The glow
 Though
 My gaze
 A breeze
 For late

WHAT
DO

Author of a "W..."

[This story was
Back in...

THE CLOWN'S

Castleton V.
that it was in

"You may
soon smi," and
must have su
unobserved,
"And sup
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with alarm,
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